

The Void by Hematite Bomb

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-07 07:05:48

Updated: 2017-11-07 07:05:48

Packaged: 2019-12-17 04:45:30

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,563

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A one-shot songfic to I Want You by Savage Garden. Takes place partially in Mike's basement, partially in The Void. Communication between Mike and Eleven before they are reunited.

The Void

Hi guys, this is my first Stranger Things fanfic, I haven't written at all in sooo long so apologies if any of it sounds a bit funny. I heard this song recently and it reminded me so strongly of Mike and Eleven that I just couldn't help but to write a wee songfic! Hope you enjoy it!

Constructive criticism welcome!

Disclaimer: I do not own, nor am I affiliated with Stranger Things.

Anytime I need to see your face I just close my eyes

And I am taken to a place

Where your crystal minds and magenta feelings

Take up shelter in the base of my spine

This was it, the moment she looked forward to most every day. Eleven lifted the makeshift blindfold, made from one of Hopper's old shirts, and gingerly placed it over her eyes, tying a neat knot at the back of her head. White noise from the static television behind her filled her brain, and she entered the Void.

Meanwhile, Mike sat in the middle of the pillow fort with his walkie talkie poised and ready. He sighed a deep, guttural breath, and began to speak.

"El, are you there? It's Mike." A pause while he waited keenly, his free hand shaking as he bit his nails. The anticipation of an answer was the worst part, sometimes he thought he heard breathing, or felt a presence before him, but he could never be sure. By the time he reached out to touch the space, the feeling was always gone. "It's day 257. I had a rough day at school... and I miss you." Mike paused again, collecting his thoughts.

Sweet like a chica cherry cola

I don't need to try to explain

I just hold on tight and If it happens again

I may move so slightly to the arms

And the lips and the face

Of The Human Cannonball that

I need to I want to

From the second Mike first set eyes on Eleven, he had harboured a crush. Over their time together, and the subsequent year for which she had been missing, that crush had quickly turned into love. While Mike would never admit to Will, Lucas or Dustin that he was in love with the girl, he could certainly admit it to himself.

Every night when he closed his eyes, he would envisage all of the audacious actions she accomplished during their time together. Despite his overwhelming heartbreak at her disappearance, he would often smile to himself in the comfort of his own bed, replaying thoughts of her in his mind. From making Troy pee himself in front of the whole grade, to saving Mike's life when he was forced to jump from the cliff, everything that El had done was amazing in his eyes. He always ended the internal memorial service by remembering her last words to him. "Goodbye, Mike." echoed through his thoughts, and he fell asleep clutching at his blankets.

Despite his day being over, Mike couldn't even escape the memory of Eleven in his dreams. Every night she would appear, running towards him. Mike would run towards her too, but yet neither of them seemed to move any distance. Eventually the expanse between them would stretch and she would move out of view. Mike would be left in the empty darkness, screaming her name. He knew the dreams weren't real, but yet, every time he felt that she might be trying to communicate with him, and he ran towards her anyway.

Come stand a little bit closer

Breathe in and get a bit higher

You'll never know what hit you when

I get to you

Ooh I want you, I don't know if I need you but

Ooh I'd die to find out

In the Void, Eleven moved towards him, crouching down next to his face. She could almost feel his breathy words hit her cheek as he told her about his day. She wished she could comfort him, or even let him know that she was listening. To Eleven, Mike was perfect. He was the first person who had made her feel like a human being, rather than an object, something to be experimented on. She believed she would do anything for him.

If it were up to her, she would be running to his house in the centre of Hawkins, Illinois, at this very moment. But Hopper was due home any minute, and although she was frustrated with her situation, she wasn't quite ready to disobey a man who had so willingly opened up his home to her.

I'm the kind of person who endorses a deep commitment

Getting comfy getting perfect is what I live for

But a look and then a smell of perfume

It's like I'm down on the floor

And I don't know what I'm in for

Mike was bored of the normal conversation he had with Eleven over the walkie talkie. As far as he knew, she couldn't even hear him. If you were to ask him, that is why he began talking about what he did, although some may argue that he was hoping she would hear, and come back to find him.

"El... I often think about our future together. I hope that can still happen. I can never decide whether we'll be a crime fighting duo or if we'll take some time to ourselves, you know, once this whole thing is over. Because I know you'll come home, El, I know it. You have to. You can't be gone forever, you just can't be. And... El, when I promised you that I would take you to the SnowBall, I meant it. Promises can't be broken, you know that. So it has to happen." Mike was just as much convincing himself as he was convincing her.

In the Void, Eleven squeezed her eyes shut. It required all of her strength, and she had a lot of it, to ensure that she didn't make contact with Mike. Hopper would be so disappointed in her. It's not that he didn't like or trust Mike, it's just that he was protective over her. And she understood. Most of the time. But though she exhibited immense amounts of self-control, none of this could help her when Mike whispered those three fateful words into the mouthpiece of the walkie-talkie.

"I love you."

Conversation has a time and place in the interaction

Of a lover and a mate but the time of talking

Using symbols, using words can be likened

To a deep sea diver who is swimming with a raincoat

As soon as El could comprehend the words that Mike had just uttered, she knew she had to make contact with him. She knew she loved him too, and she couldn't let someone she loved be in pain. If friends were meant to do anything for each other, lovers should do the same.

Come stand a little bit closer

Breathe in and get a bit higher

You'll never know what hit you when

I get to you

Ooh I want you, I don't know if I need you but

Ooh I'd die to find out

With shaky hand, Eleven reached out into the gloom of the Void, and rested her hand upon Mike's arm. Mike looked down, and then up, seemingly looking her in the eyes. Eleven had to remind herself that he couldn't actually see her.

Back in his basement, sitting on the mound of pillows, Mike's breath caught in his throat. The hairs on his arms and the back of his neck stood at attention. He would not be able to fully describe the feeling he had experienced at that moment, but he supposed it was similar to static electricity tickling his arm, in one very specific location. A hand-sized location.

For a moment in time, Mike thought he had finally gone crazy. There was no way that El could communicate with him from the Upside-Down... right?

Anytime I need to see your face I just close my eyes

And I am taken to a place

Where your crystal minds and magenta feelings

Take up shelter in the base of my spine

When the feeling failed to go away after a few moments passed, Mike squeezed his eyes shut and allowed himself to envisage Eleven appearing in front of him. In his minds eye her hair had grown, as had she, a few inches taller than the last time they met. A smile spread across his face as he imagined her warm, brown eyes staring back at him, full of love and concern. But the longer he stared at her image, the less and less he felt her hand on his arm, and he began to wonder if he had imagined the whole thing all along.

Sweet like a chica cherry cola

I don't need to try to explain

I just hold on tight and If it happens again

I may move so slightly to the arms

And the lips and the face

Of The Human Cannonball that

I need to I want to

Silence. A clock ticking in the background. Suddenly, almost in a show of giving up, Mike raised his hand to shove the antenna down.

"Mike..." a voice whispered, so quiet that he almost couldn't detect it through the buzz of white noise.

"Eleven?!" Mike replied.

In the Void, Eleven smiled.